

4

ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

INSCRIB'D TO HER GRACE,

THE DUTCHESS OF

MARLBOROUGH.

*Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Sylvæ tegit.*

VIRG. AEN. VI.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON Esq;

R

GLASGOW,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT & ANDREW FOULIS

M. DCC. LI.

ROSA MOND

OPERA



WARRIOR

THE

JOSEPH ADDISON

GLASGOW

AND SONS

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
ROSAMOND.

*No forte pudori
Sis tibi Musa Lyrae solers, et Cantor Apollo.*

BY MR. TICKELL.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britania's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains ;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new ;

*Their cadence in such an easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easie sound.*

*Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yield,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds !
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd !
No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrooke fram'd, and Malbro' rais'd the dome.*

*Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair :
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die :
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swains complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows ;
We, spight of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.*

*Let joy transport fair Rosamond's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a VIRGIL and an ADDISON.*

OF ROSAMOND.

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*Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name.
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre ;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.*

Sir Trusty, Keeper of the Tower.

Page.

Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen Eleanor.

ROSAMOND.

GRIDELING. Wife to Sir Trusty.

GUARDIAN ANGELS, &c.

SCENE WOODSTOCK PARK.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

King HENRY.

Sir TRUSTY, Keeper of the Bower.

Page.

Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen ELINOR.

ROSAMOND.

GRIDELINE. Wife to Sir TRUSTY.

GUARDIAN ANGELS, &c.

SCENE WOODSTOCK PARK.

ROSAMOND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A prospect of Woodstock-Park, terminating in the tower.

Enter QUEEN and PAGE.

QUEEN.

WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes.

All around

Enchanted ground

And soft Elysiums rise :

Flow'ry mountains,

Mossie fountains,

Shady woods,

Chrystal floods,

With wild variety surprisè.

• *As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*

An hundred echo's round us talk :

From hill to hill the voice is tost,

Rocks rebounding,

Caves resonating,

Not a single word is lost.

Page. There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

Queen. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy. ———

[*Aside.*]

• *Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock-Park.*

Page. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.

Queen. Death and confusion! I'm too slow—[*Aside*
Show me the happy mansion, show—

Page. Great Henry there—

Queen. Trifler, no more!—

Page.—Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

Queen. No more the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.

Page. Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.

Queen. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my way'ring soul by turns.

Page. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

Queen. Elconora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?

'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.

Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.

*I feel, I feel my heart relent :
How could the fair be innocent !*

*To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign !
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.*

Page. Hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.

*He comes, victorious Henry comes !
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fills with horror ev'ry wind.*

Queen. Henry returns from danger free :
Henry returns!——but not to me.

He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lays his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew ;
His vows to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.

*No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed,
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm ;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.*

S C E N E II.

*The entry of the bower.*SIR TRUSTY, knight of the bower, *solo*.*How unhappy is he,**That is ty'd to a she,**And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!**For of us pretty fellows**Our wives are so jealous,**They ne'er have enough of our duty.*

But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,

I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;

Whence rises this convulsive strife?

I smell a shrew!

My fears are true,

I see my wife.

S C E N E III.

GRIDELINE and Sir TRUSTY.

Grid. Faithless varlet, art thou there?

Sir Truf. My love, my dove, my charming fair!

Grid. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir Truf. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?

Grid. Cheat not me with false caresses.

Sir Truf. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.

Grid. Those to fair Rosamond are due.

Sir Truf. She is not half so fair as you.

Grid. She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir Truf. I'll still be thine, and let her die.

Grid. No, no, 'tis plain: thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!Sir Truf. O Grideline I consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,

Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue

Ev'ry feature

(Charming creature)

Will convince you I am true.

Grid. Oh how blest were Grideline,

Could I call Sir Trusty mine!

Did he not cover amorous wiles

With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles;

How should I revel in delight,

The spouse of such a peerless knight!

Sir Trust. At length the storm begins to cease,

I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.

'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: *[Aside.]*

I feel, I feel my fury rise!

Tigress, be gone.

Grid. ——— I love thee so

I cannot go.

Sir Trust. Fly from my passion, beldame, fly.

Grid. Why so unkind, sir Trusty why?

Sir Trust. Thou'rt the plague of my life.

Grid. I'm a foolish, fond wife.

Sir Trust. Let us part,

Let us part.

Grid. Will you break my poor heart?

Will you break my poor heart!

Sir Trust. I will if I can.

Grid. O barbarous man!

From whence doth all this passion flow?

Sir Trust. Thou art ugly and old,

And a villanous scold.

Grid. Thou art a rustick to call me so.

I'm not ugly nor old,

Nor a villanous scold,

But thou art a rustick to call me so.

Thou, traitor, adieu!

Sir Trust. Farewel, thou scrow!

Grid. *Thou traitor,*

Sir Trust. *Thou brew.*

Both. *Adieu! adieu!* **Exit Grid.**

Sir Trusty *solus.*

How hard is our fate,

Who serve in the state,

And should lay out our cares

On public affairs;

When conjugal toils,

And family-broils

Make all our great labours miscarry

Yet this is the lot

Of him that has got

Fair Rosamond's bower,

With the clew in his power,

And is courted by all

Both the great and the small,

As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry.

But see, the pensive fair draws near:

I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND and Sir TRUSTY.

Ros. From walk to walk, from shade to shade,

From stream to purling stream convey'd,

Through all the mazes of the grove,

Through all the mingling tracks I rove,

Turning,

Burning,

Changing,

Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love.

Impatient for my lord's return

I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

To rend my breast,

And break my rest,

A thousand thousand ills combine.

Absence wounds me,

Fear surrounds me,

Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

Sir Truf. What heart of stone

Can hear her moan,

And not in dumps so doleful join!

[Apart.]

Ros. How does my constant grief deface

The pleasures of this happy place!

In vain the spring my senses greets

In all her colours, all her sweets;

To me the rose

No longer glows,

Ev'ry plant

Has lost its scent:

The vernal blooms of various hue,

The blossoms fresh with morning dew,

The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,

Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,

Purple scents,

Winding greens,

Glooms inviting,

Birds delighting,

(Nature's softest, sweetest store)

Charm my tortur'd soul no more.

Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:

Why so slow! great Henry, why!

From death and alarms

Fly, fly to my arms,

Fly to my arms, my monarch fly!

Sir Truf. How much more bless'd would lovers be,

Did all the whining fools agree

To live like Grideline and me!

[Apart.]

Ros. O Rosamond, behold too late,
 And tremble at thy future fate!
 Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
 Every charm, and every grace,
 That to thy ruin made their way,
 And led thy innocence astray:
 At home thou seest thy queen engag'd,
 Abroad thy absent lord engag'd,
 In wars that may our loves disjoin,
 And end at once his life and mine.

Sir Truf. Such cold complaints befit a nun;
 If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apert.*]

Ros. Beneath some hoary mountain
 I'll lay me down and weep,
 Or near some warbling fountain
 Bewail my self asleep;
 Where feather'd choirs combining
 With gentle murmur'ing streams,
 And winds in consort joining,
 Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.

[*Exit Rosamond.*]

Sir TRUSTY solus.

What savage tyger would not pity
 A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
 But hah! a sound my bower invades,
 [Trumpets flourish,
 And echo's through the winding shades;
 'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
 A messenger! it must be so.

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER and Sir TRUSTY.

Mes. Great Henry comes! with love opprest;
 Prepare to lodge the royal guest.

From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers choak'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

Sir Truf. The bower and lady both are dead,
And ready to receive their guests.

Meſ. Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courſer ſtretched:
And ſee! his eager ſteps prevent
The meſſage that himſelf hath ſent!

Sir Truf. Here will I ſtand
With hat in hand,
Obſequiouſly to meet him;
And muſt endeavour
At behaviour,

What's ſuitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King HENRY after a ſourth of trumpets.

King. Where is my love! my Roſamond.

Sir Truf. Firſt, as in ſtricteſt duty bound,
I kiſs your royal hand,

King. Where is my life! my Roſamond.

Sir Truf. Next with ſubmiſſion moſt profound,
I welcome you to land.

King. Where is the tender charming fair!

Sir Truf. Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I ſay.

King. Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir Truf. For when we have a prince's ear,

We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.

King. These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!

Sir Truf. I speak great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

King. What dost thou say? I shake with fear.

Sir Truf. Nay good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

King. Was ever nymph like *Rosamond*,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!

I'm all desire!

My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.

Sir Truf. At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.

What place will you chuse

For first interviews?

King. Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion shade for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particolour'd gay alcove.

Sir Truf. Your highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

King. Mean-while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousy appear;

Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!

Wishes rising!
Thought surprising
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [Exeunt,

ACT II. SCENE I.

A pavilion in the middle of the bower.

KING and ROSAMOND.

KING.

THUS let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life,
Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.

King. Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

Ros. My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.

King. O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!

Both. O may the present bliss endure!

King. My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppress'd,
My aching temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [Exit King.]

Rosa. sola. From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night

With such a look I've seen him fly.

Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracks of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal desarts born,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're fancies all; I'll think no more:

My life has endless joys in store.

Farewel sorrows, farewell fear,

They're fancies all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A Postern gate of the Bower.

GRIDELINE and PAGE.

Grid. My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

Page. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

Grid. He does my child; or tell my why.
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

Page. If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdu'd.

Grid. My anxious boding heart divines
His falshood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easie heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond and smiles.

Page. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart———

Grid.——And he has charms.

Page. Your fears are too just——

Grid.——Too plainly I've prov'd

Both. He loves and is lov'd.

Grid. O merciless fate!

Page. Deplorable state!

Grid. To die——

Page. To be slain.

Grid. By a barbarous swain,

Both. That laughs at your pain.

Grid. How shou'd I act? canst thou advise?

Page. Open the gate, if you are wise ;

I, in an unsuspected hour,

May catch 'em dallying in the bower,

Perhaps their loose amours prevent,

And keep Sir Trusty innocent.

Grid. Thou art in truth

A forward youth.

Of wit and parts above thy age ;

Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.

Page. I'll do what I can

To surprize the false man.

Grid. Of such a faithful spy I've need : •

Go in, and if thy plot succeed,

Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,

I'll pay thy service with a kiss.

[Exit Page.]

Grid. sola. Pr'ythee Cupid no more

Hurl thy darts at threescore,

To thy girls and thy boys

Give thy pains and thy joys,

Let Sir Trusty and me

From thy frolicks be free.

[Exit Grid.]

• An opening Scene discovers another view of the Bower.

ROSAMOND.

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SCENE III.

PAGE *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes:
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.

A thousand fairy scenes appear,

Here a grove, a grotto here,

Here a rock, and here a stream.

Sweet delusion,

Gay confusion.

All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN and PAGE.

Queen. At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear;
A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrours shake my soul.

Page. Behold the brazen gate unbar'd:

—She's fixt in thought; I am not heard— [Apart.]

Queen. I see, I see my hands embru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging dying lord,
And O, I see my self abhorr'd!

Page. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's Queen lament.

[*Aside,*

Queen. What shall my trembling soul pursue?

Page. Behold, great queen, the place in view!

Queen. Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!

Page. That bow'r will show

The guilty foe.

Queen. — It is decreed—it shall be so; [*After a Pause.*

I cannot see my lord repine

(*O that I cou'd call him mine!*)

Why have not they most charms to move,

Whose bosoms burn with purest love!

Page. Her heart with rage and fondness glows,

O jealousy! thou hell of woes!

[*Aside,*

That conscious scene of love contains

The fatal cause of all your pains:

In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,

Where those fair blossom'd arbours rise,

Queen. Let us haste to destroy

Her guilt and her joy,

Wild and frantick is my grief!

Fury driving,

Mercy striving,

Heaven in pity send relief!

The pangs of love

Ye pow'rs remove,

Or dart your thunder at my head:

Love and despair

What heart can bear?

Ease my soul, or strike me dead!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!

When our longing eyes discover

The kind, the dear, approaching lover,

Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:

I hear the steps of him I love;

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!

——Death to my eyes; what sight is this!

The queen, th' offended queen I see!

——Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN with a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other.

Queen. Thus arm'd with double death I come:

Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!

Thy crimes to their full period tend,

And soon by this, or this shall end.

Ros. What shall I say, or how reply

To threats of injur'd majesty?

Queen. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul,

Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,

Or this right hand performs its part,

And plants a dagger in thy heart.

Ros. Can Britain's queen give such commands,

Or dip in blood those sacred hands?

In her shall such revenge be seen?

Far be that from Britain's queen!

Queen. How black does my design appear?

Was ever mercy so severe!

[*Aside.*]

Ros. When tides of youthful blood run high,

And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,

Health presuming,

Beauty blooming,

Oh how dreadful 'tisto die!

Queen. To those whom foul dishonours stain,

Life it self should be a pain.

Ros. Who could resist great Henry's charms,

And drive the hero from her arms?

Think on the soft, the tender fires,

Melting thoughts, and gay desires,

That in your own warm bosom rise,

When languishing with love-sick eyes,

That great, that charming man you see:

Think on your self, and pity me!

Queen. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!

[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*]

Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

Ros. O queen, your lifted arm restrain!

Behold these tears!

Queen.——They flow in vain.

Ros. Look with compassion on my fate!

O hear my sighs!

Queen.——Thy rise too late.

Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

Ros. Tho' I live wretched, let me live.

In some deep dungeon let me lye,

Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,

Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;

Where shades of everlasting night

May this unhappy face disarm,

And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:

Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

Queen. Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage.

[*Aside.*

Ros. What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance?

Queen.—Thou shalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. Give me but one short moment's stay.

—O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

Queen. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

Ros.—O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.

[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

Queen. Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

Ros. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.

O let me still for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*

Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,

The soul that begs to be forgiven:

If in the latest gasp of breath,

If in the dreadful pains of death,

When the cold damp bedews your brow,

You hope for mercy, show it now.

Queen. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue. [*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. Thus I prevent the fatal blow [*Drinks.*

—Whither, ah! whither shall I go!

Queen. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou had'st been innocent.

Ros. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!

My dying soul with fury burns,

And slighted grief to madness turns.

Think not, thou author of my woe,
 That Rosamond will leave thee so:
 At dead of night,
 A glaring spright,
 With hideous screams
 I'll haunt thy dreams;
 And when the painful night withdraws,
 My Henry shall revenge my cause.
 O whither does my frenzy drive!
 Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
 My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
 The weary springs of life stand still;
 The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
 My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*
Queen. Here and observe your queen's commands.
 [*To her attendants.*

Beneath those hills a convent stands,
 Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
 Thither the breathless corpse convey,
 And bid the cloister'd maids with care
 The due solemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the body.*
 When vanquish'd foes beneath us lye
 How great it is to bid them die!
 But how much greater to forgive,
 And bid a vanquish'd foe to live!

S C E N E VII.

Sir TRUSTY in a fright.

A breathless corps! what have I seen!
 And follow'd by the jealous queen!
 It must be she! my fears are true:
 The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
 How can the fam'd Sir Trusty live
 To hear his master chide and grieve?

No! tho' I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here.

[Drinks.

The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing :

' Great Sir,

[Writes.

' Your Rosamond is dead

'As I am at this present writing.

The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,

The labyrinth grows more confus'd,

The thickets dance——I stretch, I yawn.

Death has tripp'd up my heels————I'm gone.

[Staggers and falls.

S C E N E VIII.

QUEEN *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.

Hence ye secret damps of care,

Fierce disdain, and cold despair,

Hence ye fears and doubts remove ;

Hence grief and hate !

Ye pains that wait

On jealousy, the rage of love.

My Henry shall be mine alone,

The hero shall be all my own ;

Nobler joys possess my heart

Than crowns and scepters can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a Grotto, HENRY asleep, a cloud descends, in it two angels suppos'd to be the guardian spirits of the British Kings in war and peace.

1 ANGEL.

BEHOLD th' unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 Angel. In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.

1 Angel. In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.

2 Angel. When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

1 Angel. When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

Both. But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 Angel. I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
'Till love before ambition fly.

1 Angel. I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 Angel. Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

1 *Angel.* See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.

Both. *Glory strives!*

The field is won!

Fame revives,

And love is gone.

1 *Angel.* To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.

Behold the glorious pile ascending! *

Columns swelling, arches bending,

Domes in awful pomp arising,

Art in curious strokes surprising,

Foes in figur'd fights contending,

Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 *Angel.* He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1 *Angel.* Let grief and love at once engage,

His heart is proof to all their pain;

Love may plead——

2 *Angel.*——— *And grief may rage——*

Both. *But both shall plead and rage in vain.*

[The angels ascend, and the vision disappears.]

* *Scene changes to the plan of Blenheim-castle.*

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
 What joys, what wonders have I seen!
 The scene yet stands before my eye,
 A thousand glorious deeds that I ye
 In deep futurity obscure,
 Fights and triumphs immature,
 Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
 Ripening for mighty years to come,
 Break forth, and, to the day display'd
 My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
 Transported with so bright a scheme,
 My waking life appears a dream.
Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,

Rosie brakes,

Silver lakes,

To love and you

A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising woe!

Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?

O Rosamond! O fair distress'd!

How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,

Its unrelenting purpose tell;

And take the long, the last farewell!

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,

Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,

Spread thy gilded banners round,

Make thy thundering courser bound,

Bid the drum and trumpet join,

Warm my soul with rage divine;

All thy pomps around thee call:

To conquer love will ask them all.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The scene changes to that part of the bower where Sir Trusty lies upon the ground, with the bowl and dagger on the table.

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.

*Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Ha'st thou more of pain or pleasure!*

Chill'd with tears,

Kill'd with fears,

Endless torments dwell about thee:

Yet who would live, and live without thee;

But oh the sight my soul alarms:

My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!

Why am I banish'd from his arms?

My heart's too full, I must retire.

[Retires to the end of the stage.]

SCENE III.

KING and QUEEN.

King. Some dreadful birth of fate is near:

Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,

With secret horror dost thou shake?

Can dreams such dire impressions make!

What means this solemn, silent shew?

This pomp of death, this scene of woe!

Support me, heaven! what's this I read?

Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*

What shall I say, or whither turn?

With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:

From thought to thought my soul is tost,

And in the whirl of passion lost.

Why did I not in battle fall,

Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?

Why did the spear my bosom miss?

Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe

I'll rush on the foe

To seek my relief:

The sword or the dart

Shall pierce my sad heart,

And finish my grief!

Queen. Fain wou'd my tongue his grief appease,

And give his tortur'd bosom ease. *[Aside.]*

King. But see the cause of all my fears,

The source of all my grief appears!

No unexpected guest is here.

The fatal bowl

Inform'd my soul

Eleonora was too near.

Queen. Why do I here my lord receive?

King. Is this the welcome that you give?

Queen. Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

Both. *And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!*

Queen. What in these guilty shades cou'd you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

King. Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

Queen. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

King. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

Queen. A heart so unrepenting,

King. A rage so unrelenting,

Both. *Will for ever
Love disserve.*
Will for ever break our rest.

King. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.

Queen. How is his heart with anguish torn! [Aside.
My Lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, cou'd die.

King. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

Queen. Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

King. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

Queen. How am I bless'd if this be true! [Aside.

King. And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O! —

Queen. Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

*If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.*

King. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!

My impatience forgive,
Do's Rosamond live?

Queen. The bowl, with drowsie juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

King. How am I blest if this be true! [*Aside.*]

Queen. Atoning for herself and you.

King. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul intice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

Queen. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise,
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
Fair Rosamond shall falsely mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!

But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your Rosamond alive.

King. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives——

Queen.—My lord is true.

King. No more I'll change, I swear you were so good and kind.

Queen. No more I'll grudge nor rue, I'll still be so to you.

Both. But ever thus united live, you and I'll live.

Sir TRUSTY awaking.

In which world am I! all I see,

Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,

So like the place from whence I came,

That one would swear it were the same.

My former legs too, by their pace I

And by the whiskers, 'tis my face I

The self-same habit, garb and mien I

They ne'er wou'd bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE and Sir TRUSTY.

Grid. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?

Sir Truf. Widow Trusty, why in haste?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shou'dst thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak and veil.

Grid. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

Sir Truf. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T'observe the mode, and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,

And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.

Grid. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.

Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.
Sir Trusty. And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The KING and QUEEN advancing.

King. Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Chearful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispence,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere
From future grief and present fear.

Both. Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

F I N I S.

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